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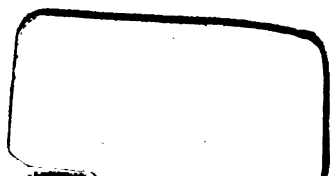
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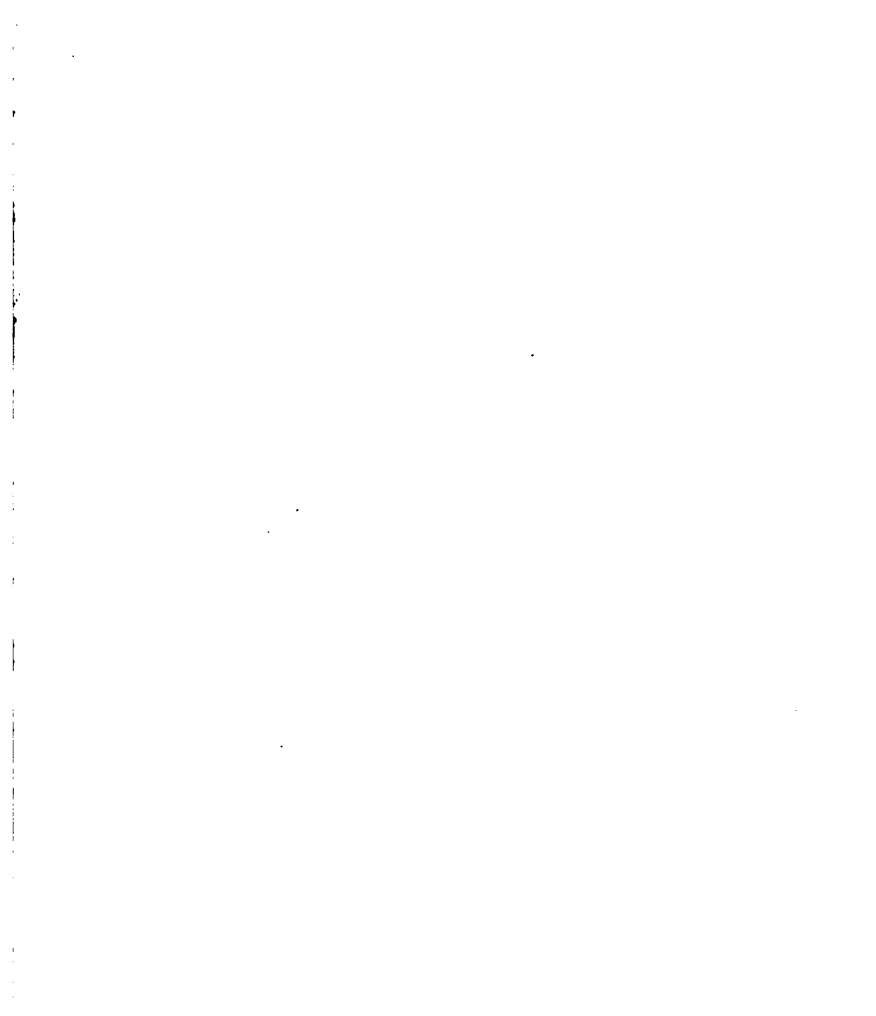
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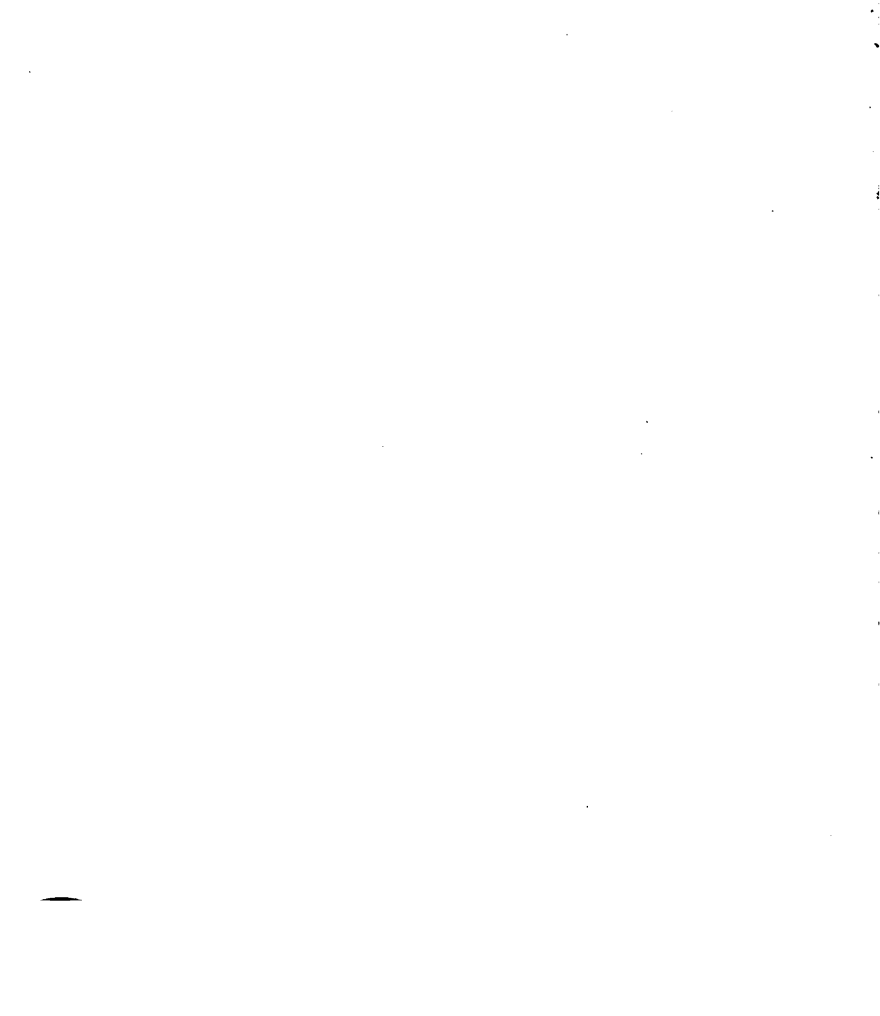
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AIN'T IT AWFUL

By E. C. LEWIS



THE ELEPHANT: GREAT SCOTT! I'M GOING TO SNEEZE

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Ain't It Awful

STOP IT

A KANSAN sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

A PROTEST

THE brave ship was wallowing in the waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and the passengers and crew rescued.

'Mid the rockets' red glare, a tall, thin, austere individual found his way with difficulty to the rail and spoke to the captain.

"Captain," said he, "I must protest against this daredevilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

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A HELPLESS DINER

A DENVER man had a friend from a Kansas ranch in the city on a business deal, and at noon they went to a downtown restaurant and had luncheon together. The Kansas ranchman ate his entire meal with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered he had no fork. "Say," he said to the Denver man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork." "Well, you don't need one," replied the Denver man, seriously. "The deuce I don't," came from the Kansan. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

JOHN'S TURN CAME LATER

SHE stood there and glared at him. "And you mean to stand there and ask me to press your trousers?" she demanded with all the sternness she could muster.

"Why, certainly, my dear," responded Mr. Stubb, affably, "is that asking too much?"

"Well, I should say it is, John Henry Stubb. I'd have you know that when you married me you did not marry a sad-iron."

That evening his turn came.

"John, dear," chirped Mrs. Stubb, just after supper. "I wish you would do me a favor before you go. Button my waist up the back, that's a good man."

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But Mr. Stubb merely puffed his cigar and chuckled softly.

"Nay! Nay! Maria. I would have you know when you accepted me you did not say 'Yes' to a buttonhook." And, picking up his cane, he strode out.

"THIS IS THE STONE!"

MCGREGOR, a thrifty man in a land of thrift, was seen in Glasgow wearing a lustrous sparkler in his cravat. To him said Sandy McDermott:

"Who g'in ye the di'mon, McGregor?"

"Nobbut meself," was the answer.

"Oh, aye," ventured the questioner. "Ye've been trating yersel', eh?"

"No that, eyether," McGregor made reply. "But ye ken I'm execooter of the estate o' Sammis McDougal."

"An' ye ha' yer han's in the pile the noo?"

"Hush, mon!" said McGregor, looking hurt. "'Tis a' i' th' will. First, it said, his lawful debts were to be paid, which was onnaicessary under the law. Then, it said, th' execooter was to set aside 35 pun' for th' buryin'. D'ye mind?"

"Oh, aye," responded McDermott.

"An' then he wish'd th' execooter to procure as handsome a stone as could be had in a' Glasgy for a matther o' 70 pun'."

"Aye."

"Aweel, mon," concluded McGregor; "this is the stone."

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CONSIDERATE BRIDEGROOM

A BELLEVILLE girl and a young man, both of whom had steady jobs, were married the other day. The day after they were married the girl said to her fond husband:

"Oh George! now that we are married, there is only one thing I regret, and that is that I have to give up my fine position."

The fond young husband stroked the silken tresses of the young wifey's hair and soothingly replied:

"Now, darling, don't worry. You needn't give up your position. I'll give up mine."

SAFE PROPOSITION

SHE was trying to persuade her husband to give up smoking, and she had pointed out to him one day the exact amount of his expenses for tobacco during the course of a year.

"Besides, my dear," she persisted, "you will be better off mentally, physically and financially without the pipe and the cigars."

"Well, maybe so; but all great men have smoked," he argued.

"Well," she sighed, "just promise me, dear, that you'll give up smoking until you are great. Then I'll be perfectly satisfied."

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ASKING TOO MUCH

AN old Tennessee darkey was arrested, charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old man well, said reproachfully: "Now, Uncle 'Rastus, why did you steal that pig?"

"Bekase may pooh fambly whuz starving, yo' honnah," whimpered the old man.

"Family starving!" cried the judge; "but they tell me you keep five dogs. How is that, uncle?"

"Why, yo' honnah," said Uncle 'Rastus reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah fambly to eat dem dawgs!"

THE CAT CAME BACK

MR. PENN — They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked.

MR. HUBB — They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around.

"That must be embarrassing."

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

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MARRIED?

JUDGE BLANK, a justice of the peace in Oklahoma, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple of Guthrie.

The Judge, who until a short time before had gained his legal knowledge in a neighboring State, where ministers officially officiate on such occasions, was at a loss to know how to proceed. However, he arose to the occasion. Commanding the couple to stand up, he directed that they be sworn in the following terms:

“Do you solemnly swear that you will obey the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the Territory of Oklahoma, and perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God?”

The couple nodded assent. Then, continued the Judge, “By the power in me vested by the strong arm of the law I pronounce you man and wife, now, henceforth, and forever, and you will stand committed until the fines and costs are paid, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!”

AWKWARD FOR MARY

THERE'S a prominent judge living in the rural districts of Virginia, where bathtubs are not to be found in every home, who was the proud possessor of such a luxury, which he permitted no one else to use.

One day he found that someone had been using his tub,

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and, reaching the conclusion that it had been none other than Mary, his housemaid, he summoned her to appear before him and charged her with having transgressed his unwritten law.

Mary confessed her fault, and the judge, after enjoining her to sin no more in this manner, as freely forgave her. Observing that the maid seemed somewhat hurt, the judge, by way of softening his rebuke, said: —

“It is not that I object to you using my tub, but I hate to think that you would do anything behind my back that you wouldn't do before my face.”

HER SMALLEST

A STREET car conductor had such a good run of business the other Sunday afternoon that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied with small change. Many persons who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations.

The conductor managed to get along fairly well until a woman, carrying a tiny infant, boarded his car. When he approached the woman for her fare she handed him a \$5 bill.

“Is that the smallest you have, madam?” queried the conductor.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at the baby, and made this surprising reply: —

“Yes. I have been married only twelve months.”

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THE TRUMP CARD

TWO neighbors in a Missouri village were arrested for fighting and brought to court. The Judge asked the assailant to tell his story.

"Jedge," he said, "we war a-playin' of seven-up, seven pints t' th' game, two bits on the corner. I had bin losin' all day, Jedge, an' I had up my last two bits.

"I dole the kyards. He war two an' I war six. He begged an' I gin him one. He flang his queen an' I played my trey fur low. He flang his king an' I played my ten. He flang his ace an' I played my jack, and then, Jedge, then he flang his deuce, an' I hit him."

CAUSE FOR REFLECTION

"THE editor of my paper," declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

His listeners — with one exception, who sat silent and reflective — gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it is true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all!" quickly rejoined the quiet one; "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"

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A SEANCE OF FORGETFULNESS

THREE ladies at tea, during conversation, fell upon the subject of their respective husbands' hopeless condition of "forgetfulness." One was a clergyman's wife, one was a groceryman's spouse and the third was a drummer's better half. Says Mrs. Divinity: "Why, my husband is so absent-minded that I have to continually exert the most watchful care, or he'll preach the same sermon over two or three times."

The groceryman's wife said: "My husband — I can't for my life really understand what has got into him lately; we cannot trust him to fill any of the orders that come into the store. If we do he gets them all mixed up and the customers are making a fearful fuss; he's the most forgetful man I ever heard of."

It had now arrived for Mrs. Drummer's experience. We all know the versatility of the knight of the "grip" for yarning, and as the sequel will show the drummer's wife had partaken of his fund of humor. Says she: "Talk about forgetfulness; why, my husband 'takes the bun.' He came home the other night after a protracted trip of several weeks' duration. We had retired, and as he was fatigued he went right to sleep. Shortly his hand fell to stroking my cheek. At the same time he said: 'Darling, won't you please tell me what your real name is?'"

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AN INSPIRATION FROM CASEY

THE women of the church in a suburb in Chicago were soliciting money to pay for redecorating their house of worship. They were told, diplomatically, that if they would call on Casey, who kept the leading saloon in the village, they might get a good donation. They called. Casey met them genially, listened to what they had to say and promptly subscribed five hundred dollars. This was so much more than the solicitors had hoped for that they were much flustered, and could do nothing but stammer their thanks. Finally one of them rounded to and said: "Why, Mr. Casey, this is most generous of you. It will allow us to get what we want very much — a fine, stained-glass window."

Casey thought that would be the right thing to do.

"And, Mr. Casey," said the spokeswoman, "in view of this magnificent donation, isn't there something you would like to put on the window, some sentiment or some remembrance, or something of the kind?"

"Well," said Casey, "I think it would luk foine to have on th' glass, bechune th' two parts av it, in nate letthers, somethin' loike this: 'Afther Mass Visit Casey's.'"

HIS SIGN DOWN

A DISHEVELLED man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. Suddenly

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his foot slipped and he collapsed. A moment later he was snoring.

A pedestrian paused, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank!" he called.

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fallen down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

POOR SANDY!

THE young Scotchman never liked his mother-in-law and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill.

Calling her husband to her bedside she said to him, "Sandy, lad, I'm varra ill and I think I'm gang to dee and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise."

"I'll promise," said Sandy. "What is it?"

"Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll have a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' my mother."

"Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that's gang back on that; but I'll tell ye one thing, ye've spoilt the day for me."

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DEPENDENT ON PAST

AT the courts a case concerning motor driving was being heard, when the chauffeur declared that when driving at forty miles an hour he could, if necessary, pull up in ten or twelve feet.

"Um!" said the judge.

Then the next witness — an expert — gave his evidence.

Said his Lordship: "If a motor car were travelling at forty miles an hour, and the brakes could be put on in such a manner as to stop it within ten or twelve feet, where would the driver go?"

"Depends very much on the sort of life he'd been living," said the expert.

GAVE HIM AN IDEA

ON the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the thought reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts.

One of the travellers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of 50 roubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request and said: "You are going to the fair at Nishni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of 20,000 roubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for 3 p. c."

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On hearing these words, the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the 50 roubles.

Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired: "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

WHAT MAN HAS DONE MAN CAN DO

A NUMBER of students from a German university were drinking in a beer garden. A self-satisfied looking American said to one of the shortest and stoutest Dutchmen:

"I'll bet you five dollars you can't drink seven schooners of beer!"

The Dutchman hesitated, then declined the bet and left the room. In ten minutes he came puffing back, hurried up to the American and exclaimed:

"I vill dake der bet!"

The beer was ordered and the Dutchman, in the presence of an admiring and envious company, quickly drank off the seven schooners.

The five dollars were paid over and the American asked:

"Would you mind telling me why you went out before you took the bet?"

"Nein; to see could I drink der seven schooners, what?"

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PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY

SOME churches go too far in their effort to attract the public.

A clergyman was talking very seriously one day about churches that give moving picture entertainments and hire actors and opera singers, and have billiard rooms, and allow smoking — and all of a sudden he broke off with a laugh. “Why, Jim,” he said, “if this keeps on, things will come to such a pass that when the wife, putting her head out of the window at three A. M. and sternly asking her husband where he has been, will be met with the startling reply: —

“‘I been — hic — to church, m'dear.’”

FORCE OF HABIT

IN reward of faithful political service an ambitious saloon keeper was appointed police magistrate.

“What's the charge ag'in' this man?” he inquired when the first case was called.

“Drunk, yer honor,” said the policeman.

The newly made magistrate frowned upon the trembling defendant.

“Guilty, or not guilty?” he demanded.

“Sure, sir,” faltered the accused, “I never drink a drop.”

“Have a cigar, then,” urged his honor persuasively, as he absently polished the top of the judicial desk with his pocket handkerchief.

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THE WRONG MEN

WHEN Commissioner Allen had charge of the patent office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day, as he was sitting at his desk, two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced, and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."

TOO QUICK

"**T**ELL you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country —"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

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HIS DEFICIENCY

A CERTAIN Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

HE GOT THERE

AN old Irishman named Casey made a lot of money as a contractor and built a fine house for his children.

The sons and daughters were much ashamed of the plebeian father, and Casey was always kept in the rear of the house when they had a party or a reception.

One day Casey died, and there was a great to-do about it. The children had a fine coffin, with plenty of flowers, and Casey was laid in state in the parlor.

That evening an old Irish woman, who had known Casey when he was a laborer, came and asked to see the face of her dead friend. They conducted her to the parlor.

She walked up to the coffin, took a long look, and said: "Faith, Casey, an' they've let ye into th' parlor at lasht."

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TOO ONE-SIDED

A YORKSHIRE, Eng., farmer was asked to the funeral of a neighbor's third wife, and as he had attended the funeral of the two others his own wife was rather surprised when he declined the invitation. On being pressed, he gave his reason with some hesitation.

"Well, thee sees, lass, it makes a chap feel a bit awkward-like to be allus accepting other folks' civilities when he never has nowt o' t' sooart of his awn to ax 'em back to."

STILL SUSCEPTIBLE

HE was a nervous, fidgety young man, and he looked with considerable apprehension at the woman next him, who held a baby, its face covered with a thick veil. The baby gave now and then a sharp cry, which the woman evidently tried to suppress.

At last, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke.

"Has — has that baby any — anything contagious?" he asked.

The woman looked at him with a mixture of scorn and pity.

"'Twouldn't be for most folks," she said in a clear, carrying tone, "but maybe 'twould for you. He's teething."

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WHOI?

DURING the recent financial depression in England, Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?"

This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike he said:

"Faith, Moike, the Captain is roight! Whoi?"

WARLDORF

THE guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's verry sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."

KEEP IN ORDER

"I DON'T know whether that pompadoured young lady who brings me my breakfast has been listening, or whether she thinks for herself," says the young man who takes his meals in a restaurant, "but she's getting

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to be almost funny. Yesterday I ordered liver and bacon, and then I waited and waited till I'd committed everything in my morning paper to memory.

"Come hither," I said to her. 'I gave you my order half an hour ago. Do I get that liver?'

"She stopped chewing gum longer than I ever knew her to do before.

"You get it," she said; 'but there were two orders ahead of yours. You don't want your liver out of order, do you?'

SHE KNEW

A LADY in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily — "I want to go to my finance's fun'ral."

"Goodness me!" answered the lady — "Your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about — when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice — "I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"

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PERFECTLY WILLING

HE had held one of the fattest jobs in the gift of the local political boss, and when he died there was an unseemly scramble for his position. The first man to reach the boss had no particular claim upon him, but merely placed his faith in the adage of the early worm.

"Guv-ner," said he, "do you think you would have any objections to my getting into Jones' place? "

"Oh, I'm sure I have no objections," was the unfeeling reply. "None in the world, if the undertakers and coroner are willing."

END OF LINE

ONE cold, wintry morning a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace. A piece of ice under the snow caused him to lose control of his feet. He began to slide and was unable to stop. At a crossing half way down he encountered a large heavy woman. The meeting was sudden, and before either realized it a collision ensued and both were sliding down hill, the thin man underneath, the fat woman on top. When the bottom was reached and the woman was trying to recover her breath and her feet these faint words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

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PLUMB CRAZY

“**J**OHNN, dear, why do you look so troubled?”
“I was just thinking if the Naps should win two at St. Louis while the Sox were trimming the Tigers —”

“What difference does it make to you?”

“And if the Tigers win one and lose two, and the Naps win two and it rains the last day —”

“Don’t become so agitated about it.”

“Or if the Sox win three and the Naps get one because it storms on Tuesday in Chicago —”

“What are you trying to find out anyway?”

“I want to know who will play the Pittsburgs unless the Giants pass them if the Sox beat the Tigers while the Naps are doing up the Browns — I mean, say, let me have a paper and pencil, will you, please? And don’t bother me again.”

A STRONG SERMON

A THEOLOGICAL student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a country town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of the place with the following item marked: “Rev. — supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the Church will now be closed three weeks for repairs.”

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EQUALLY GUILTY

THE proprietor of a certain hotel in Maine is not only one of the kindest and best-hearted of men, but also one of the most profane. He swears without knowing it and means no offence. He spends but little time in the office and is practically unknown to many of the guests. One day, however, he was in conversation with the manager when a lady interrupted them.

"I want my room changed," she said. "It is on the side overlooking the kitchen, and I am annoyed by the swearing of some man down there every morning. I am a church woman and will not stand it another day."

The remarks were addressed to the manager, for she did not know the proprietor, or that the one who did the swearing was he.

"Do you happen to know who the man is?" he asked, before the manager could reply.

"No, I do not," she answered.

"Well, I do," the proprietor continued; "and he doesn't mean any more when he swears than you do when you get down on your knees to pray."

ALL OFF

A DOCTOR came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your

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folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach — what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

HIS KICK

A TRAVELLER putting up at a small hotel out in California brought the porter up to his room with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir? What is the matter?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest, scorchingly. "It's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Hawkins!" shouted the porter, in an uninterested sort of a voice, "the gent in No. 7 is satisfied with his rooms, but he wants the fleas changed."

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PROBABLY NOT

A WASHINGTON Jew wanted to go to Lynchburg recently. At the ticket office he was told that the fare was \$1.80.

"One eighty," he muttered. "Gif you \$1.40."

"Can't cut rates, sir. One eighty is the fare."

"Gif you one fifty."

"Nope. One eighty."

"Den I'll walk."

"That is your privilege," answered the ticket seller. So he started off down the track, and had made about half the distance when he heard an engine tooting and whistling behind him.

"You needn't visstle," said he, waving his hand. "I'll not come back."

HIGH WAGES

A PENNSYLVANIA Senator told the other day an anecdote to illustrate the high standard of political morality in the Keystone State. There was an old Dutchman, a farmer, thrifty and prosperous, who had been carefully saving for many years. Finally he was elected to the Legislature. It was a peculiarly profitable session. There were several railroad charters up for consideration. Hans served faithfully, never broke silence, and always voted, and, after the Legislature had adjourned, surprised

AIN'T IT AWFUL

his friends at home by laying the foundation of a \$10,000 house, while there were rumors of a \$20,000 bank deposit.

"Have you had a legacy, Hans?" asked a neighbor at last.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I have only been saving."

"But how could you manage to save \$30,000 on a three months' salary of \$3 a day?"

"Ah," responded Hans, complacently, "that was very easy. You see, my wife didn't keep no hired girl last winter."

AN UNFORTUNATE PARAPHRASE

MR. NEWLYWED, seated at dinner, said to his wife: "Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you. If the devil should lose his tail where would he go to get another one?"

After some time spent in guessing, she gave it up.

"Well," said he, "where they retail spirits."

Eager to get it off, she hastened the next day to a lady friend with:

"Oh, Marion, I have such a nice conundrum. Joe told me of it. I know you can't guess it. If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"

Her friend having given it up, she said: "Where they sell liquor by the glass."

Marion couldn't see the point of the joke.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

UNHORSEING THE KINGS

WHEN the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, visited this country with his imposing suite, one of the places to which the Russians went was out West for a buffalo hunt. The hunt was held in South Dakota, and Colonel Hatch, of the Army, was assigned to take the party in charge and do the honors.

Russians, except the Cossacks, are none too good when it comes to horsemanship, and this information was conveyed to Colonel Hatch, with the request that some mild and gentle steeds be procured for the visitors for the hunt. Hatch did the best he could with the army mounts and the cavalcade started from Fort Robinson.

The leaders rode slowly. It was a long and imposing procession. Just as Hatch was congratulating himself that everything was going nicely his orderly rode up from the rear, saluted, and said: "Beg pardon, Colonel, but one of them kings has fell off."

IN TEXARKANA

A RAILROAD dinner was imminent, and everybody rolled off the train prepared for the worst. In the window was a citizen, his long length curled across the sill, calmly whittling a fresh pine stick slowly, thoughtfully, and resignedly, with his eyes idly wandering once

AIN'T IT AWFUL

in a while toward a mongrel yellow dog asleep in the sun at his feet.

Suddenly the train arrived, and the hustle and usual confusion attendant upon a rapid-transit lunch aroused the dog. As a darkey came out and began to hammer wildly on a gong the dog lifted up his eyes to the sun and howled dismally. The whittling citizen looked at the dog a minute and then said:

"Shet up! what do you care? You don't have to eat it."

WHY HE LOOKED PATIENT

THE man came into the theatre late. The curtain was up. The man stood in the outer passage and leaned against the rail.

He was a patient looking man with a sad expression. The ushers looked at him and felt sorry that they could not show him to a seat.

Municipal ordinance, No. 4-11-44, does not permit the man who comes late to take a seat until the curtain falls.

And so, when the curtain fell, the nearest usher ran to the stranger.

"I'll show you to your seat now, sir," he politely said.

The patient man turned and glowered at the usher.

"To blazes with your old seat!" he snarled. "I can't sit down — I've got a stiff leg!"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

PLEASANT WORDS

TWO London cabbies were glaring at each other.
“Aw, wot’s the matter with you?” demanded one.

“Nothink’s the matter with me, you bloomin’ idiot.”

“You gave me a narsty look,” persisted the first.

“Me? Why, you certainly ’ave a narsty look, but I didn’t give it to you, so ’elp me!”

WAS DOING HER BEST

WILLIAM PRUETTE, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a telegram saying her mother was sick.

“Certainly you may go,” said Mrs. Pruette, “only don’t stay longer than is necessary, as we need you.”

A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note which read:—

“Dear Miss Pruette i will be back nex week an plese kep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can.”

PERHAPS NOT

A HEBREW Society made \$500 giving a ball and entertainment. At their following meeting, the President of the Society made a motion to take \$50 or \$75

AIN'T IT AWFUL

from the funds for the purchase of a chandelier. The President said all dose in favor of de motion, will please say I, dose opposed say, no. The motion was carried, but one little Hebrew in the corner jumped up and said, Meester President and brudders, I'm not a knocker, I'm not a Booster, but I'll bet any man in de place ten dollars that, after we got it, dere ain't a member of de lodge can play de d—m ting.

AGAINST IT

FRANK DANIELS, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring "the provinces." Business had been poor and eating had become a luxury. It was only the cheering knowledge that the new opera house at Ticonderoga, New York, had been almost sold out for their performance that kept them together.

"Wait till we get to Ticonderoga," the manager would say to any one who faintly suggested the price of a breakfast.

Finally they did reach Ticonderoga. It was eventide and a rosy glow illumined the western sky.

"Ah, me," sighed Daniels to the stage driver. "The sun may set in other places, but never as it does here. Behold yon —"

"Sunset!" growled the driver. "Sunset hell! Thet's the oprey house burnin' down."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

HOW LONG

A SLAB-SIDED, mud-covered granger entered a Broadway clock store about dusk the other evening, and, with a bewildered look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful timepiece. It is worth \$200, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scott!" gasped the granger, "three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she was wound up?"

HELPING HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

"**S**ON - IN - LAW," he said, as he called him into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Y-es, sir."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"N-no, sir."

"In your little family quarrels, I have always taken your part and decided in your favor."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

"A-always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"Y-you have, sir."

"And in every way helped you to get along."

"Y-you have been very kind, sir."

"I have tried to be, my boy, and I think you appreciate it."

"I-I do, sir."

"Then the small favor I am going to ask will no doubt be granted."

"It will, sir."

"Thanks. Kindly tell your mother-in-law that the tickets for the Hotstuffe Club dance, which she picked up in my room this morning, were dropped out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT

MRS. BARGYN - HUNTER, who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knick-knacks, picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied Iky. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the truthful Sheeny. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

A STRAIGHT TIP

"JAMES," said Mr. Fastly, tendering a dollar to the butler, "I believe you saw me — er — saluting the nursemaid?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep quiet about it. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied James, surveying the moiety of the supreme authority of the realm; "I understand. But, of course, sir, silence is golden, sir."

And as he replaced the silver with a piece of the much rarer and more beautiful gold, Fastly reflected with sadness upon the maxim that it is better to be guilty than to be found out.

A JUBILANT JUBILEE

SOME years ago, before Queen Victoria's death and about the time that the Queen's jubilee was to be celebrated, the following conversation between two old Scotchwomen was overheard one day on a street corner in London:

"Can ye tell me, wumman, what is it they call a jubilee?"

"Well, it's this," said her neighbor. "When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin'; and when they have been married fifty years that's a golden wuddin'. But if the mon's dead then it's a jubilee."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

DIDN'T KNOW A GOOD THING

NOT long ago in a Western market town I chanced to observe an Irishman with a live turkey under his arm. The turkey was squawking and gobbling in a distressed way, a racket to which the Irishman did not at first pay any particular notice. Finally, however, the disturbance got on the Celt's nerves. Giving the bird a poke in the side, he exclaimed:

"Be quiet! What's the matther wid ye, annyhow? Why should yez want to walk whin I'm willin' to carry ye?"

COULDN'T DISCHARGE HIM

WHEN the jury had filed in for at least the fourth time, with no sign of coming to an agreement in the bribery case, the disgusted judge rose up and said, "I discharge this jury!"

At this one sensitive talesman, stung to the quick by this abrupt and ill-sounding decision, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me, judge!" he retorted.

"Why not?" asked the astonished judge.

"Because," announced the talesman, pointing to the defendant's lawyer, "I'm being paid by that man there!"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

THE SWEET GREEN THING

ONE morning not long ago there tripped up to a butcher stall in a Baltimore market a dainty little thing out for her first marketing.

"My husband bought a couple of nice hams from you not long ago," she announced.

"Yes'm," said the smiling butcher, "I remember well. Fine hams, weren't they?"

"They were delicious," said the young wife. "Have you any more like them?"

"Lots," responded the butcher, indicating a row of hams in the rear of the stall.

The young thing surveyed the hams thoughtfully. "Are you sure," she finally asked, "that they're from the same pig as that from which my husband bought?"

"Yes'm," answered the butcher, without so much as a quiver of an eyelid.

"Then you may send me three more of them," she said.

LUCKY LORD

SEVERAL years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad and me dear old mother, God

AIN'T IT AWFUL

rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am to-night sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"

HIS ONLY CHANCE

THE chief of police of a western city in which all the saloons had been forced to close on Sunday met on the street a citizen who inquired: "How about the saloons, chief? All closed, I guess."

"Yes," the chief replied, "they are all closed but one, a little bit of a place, up near St. ——'s Church. We let him stay open; shure, he don't do annything durin' the week."

NO FOOL

IT was said of a certain village "innocent" or fool in Scotland that if he were offered a silver sixpence or copper penny he would invariably choose the larger coin of smaller value. One day a stranger asked him: "Why do you always take the penny? Don't you know the difference in value?"

"Aye," answered the fool, "I ken the difference in value. But if I took the saxpence they would never try me again."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

ACCOMMODATION

"I WAS asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector, pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have curiosity on the point myself."

NO CHANGING THE LOG

ON a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and, everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking, but one day he fell into his old habit. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log:

"August 12, 19—; 60 deg. north longitude, 70 deg. west latitude. Mate Jones is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this off, saying that it would spoil his chances of ever being made captain of a ship. But the captain said, "It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes; but —" replied the mate.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

"Well," said the captain, "the record stands."

A few days later the mate had to write the entry. On looking over the log the amazed captain saw this entry: "August 15, 19—; 80 deg. north longitude, 67 deg. west latitude. Captain Smith is sober to-day."

He sent for the mate and demanded what he meant by such an entry, ordering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true, isn't it?"

"Of course it's true!" roared the captain.

"Then the record stands," replied the mate.

A DELICATE HINT

SANDY and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said, at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): "Maggie, woman! D'ye no begin to smell a rat?"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

SAD ACCIDENT

A COUNTRY parson was one day going his usual round of visiting, when he was stopped by one of his congregation, an old farm hand, who said, "An' hoo be yer darter this marning, yer reverend?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the parson, rather surprised; "oh, she is quite well, thank you."

"What!" cried the rustic, "quite well! Why, I heard she had a cycle accident yesterday an' busted her inner tubing!"

THE EFFICACY OF DRUGS

"**D**OCTOR, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

EXPERIENCE

A CERTAIN member of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

When he recently appeared before the uncle with his fourth request, the latter said:

"You must learn to lean on yourself. I can't carry you all my life. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe me a great deal as the result of your last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay off those debts. When you've done that, I'll give you a check for what they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"How did you manage it, Howard?" he asked, after an expression of congratulation.

"I borrowed the money," replied Howard.

CHEERING BILL

"**B**ILL," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few fiahrs, Bill. I thought if I was too late, they'd come in 'andy for a wreaf, yer know."

"Now, don't get down'earted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But, there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit."

"Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but, as I says to meself when I was a-comin' up, wot a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

LIVING THE SIMPLE LIFE

A NUMBER of men, gathered in the smoking car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas, were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health.

One Arkansan, a stout, florid man, with short gray hair, and a self-satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gents, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years, I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine; got up at five; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gents, worked hard, from eight to one; then dinner, plain dinner; then an hour's exercise; and then —"

"Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger, who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion; "but what was you in for?"

AS IT HAPPENS

THE head of a big firm of contractors was walking around the premises, and stopped to converse with old George, a stableman.

"Well, George, how goes it?" he said.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. "Fair to middlin'." And he continued to rub down a bay horse. "Me and this 'ere hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for you sixteen year."

"Well, well," said the boss, thinking a little guiltily of George's very low wage. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm!" said George. "Both of us was took ill last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay!"

CELTIC CAUTION

THE inspector in the electric light plant received word that a wire was down on a crowded street. He hurried to the spot and found the bystanders handling the broken wire in a very careless manner. Luckily, it was only part of the fire alarm system.

An Irish crossing tender approached the inspector. "I saw that wire hanging down there, an' I picked it up and lugged it over there out of the way."

"Well," said the inspector, "you took a big chance. You shouldn't have touched that wire. You might have been killed."

"Ah!" said the crossing tender, with a knowing nod. "I was mighty careful, sor. Sure, I felt of it before I took hold of it."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

ONE ON THE FISH

"DOIN' any good?" asked the curious individual on the bridge.

"Any good?" answered the fisherman, in the creek below. "Why, I caught forty bass out o' here yesterday."

"Say, do you know who I am?" asked the man on the bridge.

The fisherman replied that he did not.

"Well, I am the county fish and game warden,"

The angler, after a moment's thought, exclaimed, "Say, do you know who I am?"

"No," the officer replied.

"Well, I'm the biggest liar in eastern Indiana," said the crafty angler, with a grin.

HOME CURE

CASEY was troubled with insomnia. He visited a doctor, but treatment seemed to do no good. Meeting the physician on the street one day he said heartily: "Well, sorr! I now have a foine cure for insommy. I don't need your old medicines any more."

"Is that so!" said the doctor. "What do you take?"

Casey scratched his head and said with some deliberation:

"Well, you see, it is this way. Whin I get into me bed at noight I place a bottle of whiskey alongside me. Thin

AIN'T IT AWFUL

I wait tin minutes, and if I don't go to slape I take a good swig of it."

"And then?" said the doctor.

"Well, sorr," said Casey, "I wait for foive minutes, and thin if I am not aslape I take another big swig of it."

"And then?" said the doctor.

"I wait foive minutes more," said Casey, "and thin if I am not aslape I take one thundering big drink of it."

"And then you go to sleep?" said the doctor pleasantly.

"Aslape is it?" said Casey. "Wurra-wurra; thin I don't care whether I go to slape at all, at all."

FREAK PRESCRIPTIONS

A NEW YORK druggist is preparing a unique scrap-book. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that were copied from the original:

"I have an acute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear Dochter, ples gif bearer five sense worth of Aundie Toxyn for gargle baby's throat and obleage."

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the enclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cents to buy two sitless powders for a grown-up adult who is sick."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

AGAIN — PERHAPS

A BELATED voyager in search of hilarity stumbled home after one o'clock and found his wife waiting for him. The curtain lecture that followed was of unusual virulence, and in the midst of it he fell asleep. Awakening a few hours later he found his wife still pouring forth a regular cascade of denunciation. Eyeing her sleepily he said curiously,

"Say, are you talking yet or again?"

ONE WAY TO SAVE

"**W**OMAN is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire justice of the peace. "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

" 'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize, both!'

" 'Very well, Henry,' she said, with a tired air of submission, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.' "

LET OFF EASY

A SOUTHERN lynching party was at the height of the festivities. The object of the mob's vengeance was hanging to the limb of a tree with a fire built under him; his flesh was cut to ribbons with whips, his body

AIN'T IT AWFUL

was perforated with bullets, and "a pleasant time was being had by all." The leader of the mob detected an ancient negro in the bushes and dragged him out. The trembling captive was led close to where he could see the gruesome sight, and the following colloquy took place:

"Nigger, you-all see that black man?"

"Yes, sah! Yes, sah!" said the trembling one.

"You-all know why we done that?"

"Yes, sah! Yes, sah!"

"He got what he deserved, didn't he?"

"Boss," said the old negro, "it 'pears to me dat he dun got off mighty light."

TWO AT A TIME

A WESTERN business man walking down Broadway encountered a friend of former days. It was evident that times had dealt harshly with him. His clothes were frazzled, and he bore every visible sign of failure and dejection. It was evident from his watery eyes and red nose that liquor had played no little part in his undoing. The business man, however, wanted to be cordial and asked him to have a drink. When the other gladly agreed the two stepped into a café, and the business man said to the bartender,

"Two high-balls, please."

The derelict one edged to the bar quickly and in a tremulous but eager voice said,

"Give me the same!"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

THAT'S GOOD

"MY husband has always been one to encourage those who work for him," remarked Mrs. Pike to her sister.

"You mean he is always ready to give praise where praise is due?"

"Yes, indeed. When one of his men does good work he is quick to say so. Night after night, after he has been late at the office, I hear him murmuring in his sleep: 'That's good! That's good!' And he always reluctantly confesses that he was dreaming about the good work the men are doing at the office. Oh, I'm so glad!"

THE BACON STORY

MERRILL E. GATES, secretary of the board of Indian commissioners, was describing in Washington the splendid work that his board is doing to wipe out the tuberculosis scourge.

"But the Indian," said Mr. Gates, "needs to be educated in sanitation. He is as ignorant as an old farmer in Warsaw.

"He was frying a bit of bacon.

"Grand bacon that," said a friend.

"Grand bacon! Well, I guess it is grand bacon," said the old man. "And it's none o' yer murdered stuff, neither. That pig died a natural death."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

NOT QUITE CLEAR

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas, in the form of written statement, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows:

"The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

"Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at eleven o'clock."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

IN an Irish court recently an old man was called into the witness-box, and being infirm and just a little blind, he went too far in more than one sense. Instead of going up the stairs that led to the box, he mounted those that led to the bench. Said the judge, good-humoredly:

"Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?"

"Ah, sure, Your Honor," was the reply. "I'm an ould man now, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for."

The judge had no ready retort.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

WORSE THAN FAILURE

THEY had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything.

By this time, of course, her trousseau was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top; and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of some new gowns had become a sort of a permanent hope, as far as she could see, or, in fact, as far as they both could see together.

"Elizabeth," he said, one day, "do you think marriage is a failure?"

"Failure!" she said, scornfully. "It's a panic."

NOT COUNTED

A CHARTER member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick tries to keep animosity down, but doesn't always succeed.

For instance, his antipathy toward those in whose veins flows the rich, warm blood of the Teuton was indicated by the following story which, he said, was not more than eight or nine years old:

"A stranger who hit Milwaukee for the first time encountered an Irishman working on the streets.

AIN'T IT AWFUL

“ ‘What is the population of this town, friend?’ he asked the workman.

“ ‘Oh, about 40,000,’ was the reply.

“ ‘Forty thousand! It must certainly be more than that!’ said the visitor to the land of hops.

“ ‘Well,’ exclaimed the Celt, ‘it wud be about 275,000 if ye were to count the Dutch!’ ”

THE UN-APPIAN WAY

AT a pageant recently given in Shropshire commemorating Britain at the time of the Roman occupation, a young woman spoke to a tall, burly and shivering man whose Roman toga hardly protected him from a raw, penetrating east wind.

“Are you Appius Claudius?” she asked, eagerly.

“Me, Miss?” he replied, dismally. “Me ‘appy as Claudius? Oh, no, Miss. I’m un’appy as ‘ell!”

AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT

AT the bedside of a patient who was a noted humorist, five doctors were in consultation as to the best means of producing a perspiration.

The sick man overheard the discussion, and, after listening for a few moments, he turned his head toward the group and whispered with a dry chuckle:

“Just send in your bills, gentlemen; that will bring it on at once.”

AIN'T IT AWFUL

EARTHLY ANGELS

KIRSTY McDUGALL, who lived in a remote Highland parish, had a visit from her Edinburgh nieces, who were to spend a week or two with the old lady. She determined to show them off on Sunday at the ancient village kirk of Lochaber. The young ladies wore costumes of the purest snowy white. At the point of his sermon the minister, in speaking of the angels of heaven, was heard to say:

“And who are those in white array?”

To the consternation of the congregation, Kirsty was heard to exclaim:

“It’s ma two nieces, sir, frae Edinburgh.”

HURRY ORDER

OLD George Kettle rushed into the Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm.

“Telegraph this to my wife down to Dayton, Harvey,” he said to the telegraph clerk, thrusting the package through the little window.

“No, no, George, we can’t do anything like that,” laughed the clerk.

“Drat ye,” said George angrily, “ye got to do it. It’s my wife’s teeth.”

AIN'T IT AWFUL

A SURPRISE FOR THE CABMAN

AS an enthusiastic philanthropist handed her fare to the cab-driver she saw that he was wet and cold after the long drive in the pouring rain.

"Do you ever take anything when you get chilled and soaked through like this?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman with humility. "I generally do."

"Well, wait here in the vestibule a moment," said the philanthropist as she opened the door of her house and vanished, to reappear a moment later.

"Here, my poor man," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

THE VILLAGE LIFE-SAVER

"**T**HERE seems to be considerable excitement in your town to-day," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered the native. "Several o' the fellers is presentin' a life-savin' medal to Henry Piller."

"What sort of a hero is Piller? Did he rescue some one from a burning building, stop a run-away, or drag a drowning person from the raging waves?"

"Nope; nothin' like that. You see, our town has been local option for nigh onto a year, an' Piller runs the only drug-store we have."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

A RELATIVE

THIS caddie's wife — so Mr. Carnegie's story runs — was much troubled by her husband's loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So, to cure him, the woman lay in wait on the road one evening, dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she arose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm auld Nickie," said the figure, in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waiting for us up at the house, an' nae doot she'll mak' ye welcome."

NO WONDER

THE youthful orator came down from the platform at the close of his address, and many people pressed forward to shake him by the hand. He accepted their congratulations with a smiling face, but his eyes were on a certain auditor who lingered in his seat. The young lecturer pressed through the throng about him, and extended his hand to the waiting man.

"I want to thank you," he said, "for the close attention you gave my remarks. Your upturned face was

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inspiration to me. I am sure you never changed your earnest attitude during my lecture."

"No," said the man, "I couldn't. I have a boil on my neck."

NO SPOILSPORT

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the clubroom. It was 5 A. M. and Dougal looked across at Donald, and said in a thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?"

"Aye," says Donald, "I notice that; he's deead! He's been deead these four hours."

"What? Dead! Why did ye no tell me?"

"Ah, no — no — no," said Donald. "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

A LITTLE SOCIAL AFFAIR

A WOMAN, dirty and dishevelled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding. As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies, he asked: "Dog bite you?"

"No, sorr," the patient replied, "another loidy."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

WHAT STRAWBERRIES WILL DO

EUGENE FIELD was a guest at an English country house, and the hostess had, as a special mark of honor to her guest, reserved for his visit the finest strawberries of her raising. When the berries came to the table they were certainly beauties, but the hostess noticed with horror that Field didn't touch the fruit, but sat looking at it in deep thought.

"Why, Mr. Field," anxiously asked the hostess, "don't you like my strawberries?"

"Oh, yes," replied Field, "I know I shall love them. But I was thinking, if I ate them, how they would spoil my appetite for prunes."

A POOR MEMORY

A CANADIAN farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on his way home, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home, the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten.

In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

NOT IN IT

AN old darkey named Mose White, in one of the Southern States, walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands.

"Why, Mose," said the proprietor of a large store that he was passing. "Are you taking a holiday?"

"Dish yere," said the old man, in a stately voice, "am mah golden weddin', sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit."

"But your wife," said the storekeeper, "is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I passed this morning. Why isn't she celebrating, too?"

"Her?" said Mose, angrily. "She hain't got nuffin' to do with hit. She am mah fou'th."

HAVE ANOTHER

A FILTHY fellow applied for a position as porter with a large concern where help was badly needed. The manager looked him over doubtfully. Finally he handed him a half dollar.

"Go uptown and take a bath," he told him. "Then come back and maybe I'll be able to take you on."

The fellow started for the door.

"And, oh, by the way," the manager called after him, "if there's any change left, take another bath."

AIN'T IT AWFUL

HAD TO TAKE AN INTEREST

TWO "commercial tourists" of the pine-board persuasion met in the Union depot the other day. "Helloo, Charley," says No. 1, "haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I am in the same old line," responds No. 2.

"With the same house?"

"Yes, the same old concern, but situated a little differently."

"How is that?"

"Well, I've got an interest."

"Is that so. How long since?"

"Since the first of the month."

"Let me congratulate you."

"Yes, the old man told me I'd got to take an interest in the business this year, or quit. So I took the interest."

SUCH A UNITED FAMILY

A YOUNG lady who possessed a small amount of furniture, including a piano, decided to move to the country. So she advertised for room and board with a family "musically inclined."

One answer received seemed to fill the bill completely:

"*Deare Miss:*

"We think we kin sute you with room and bord if you peefer to be where there is musick. I play the fiddel,

AIN'T IT AWFUL

my old woman plays the orgin, my dotter Jule the akordien, my other dotter the bango, my son Hen the gittar, my son Jim the flook and koronet, and my son Clem the bas drum, whiles allufus sings gospell hims in which we would be glad to have you jine both voice and pianny if you play it. We play by ear. When we all git started there is reel musick in the air. Lit us know if you be coming."

ONE WAS ENOUGH

A BIG Jerseyman casting his eye along Broadway for a "likely show," was attracted and tempted by the highly coloured posters announcing a spectacular piece called "The Forty Thieves," and determined to spend the evening in the theatre where it was offered. He went to the box office, laid down a \$5 bill, and asked for one of the best seats. A punched coupon and \$3 were handed him. When he asked what the ticket cost and was told \$2, it was evident he had not calculated higher than half a dollar.

"Two dollars to see 'The Forty Thieves,' eh?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir," courteously replied the ticket-seller. "Please do not block the window."

"Well, keep your durned seat!" exclaimed the Jerseyman, picking up the change. "I don't think I care to see the other thirty-nine!"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

A PRECOCIOUS PET

AN Irishman one day went into a barber's shop to get shaved. After he was seated and the lather about half applied, the barber was called to an adjoining room, where he was detained for some time.

The barber had in the shop a pet monkey, which was continually imitating his master. As soon as the latter left the room, the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the Irishman's face. After doing this, he took a razor from its case and stropped it, and then turned to the Irishman to shave him.

"Sthop that," said the latter, firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck and put the soap on me face, but, begorrah! yer father's got to shave me."

HOW TO ESCAPE

ANOW well-known author once drifted down into Arkansas in search of local color. As he was "roughing it," his appearance was not calculated to inspire the local landlords with confidence. In one town he was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground. "Say, how could I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip. The other eyed him coldly. "Wall," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do

AIN'T IT AWFUL

would be to show ther night watchman — the one with ther shotgun — a receipted bill foh yo' board an' lodgin' an' get him to tie up ther bulldog."

CAME DRESSED

A NATIVE-BORN American member of a party of four business men who often lunched together took great delight in joking the others on their foreign birth.

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country," he said, "but when you come to think of it, you're really only intruders. No one of you was born here. You're welcome to this country, of course, but you really oughtn't to forget what you owe us natives who open our doors to you."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party, thoughtfully. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget; I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"

INFORMATION WANTED

THE village drunkard of a little Connecticut hamlet staggered up to a man one evening and mumbled "Shay, mister, do you know where Tom Brien lives?"

"Why, you are Tom Brien yourself."

"D—— it! I know that, but where does he live?"

AIN'T IT AWFUL

THE SECOND BATH

THERE is a story going the rounds of a New York man who celebrated the Grand Prix too well. He gave at the Café Americain a large supper, and the next afternoon an overseer saw a valet carrying to this man's room a fresh water bath.

"What are you doing with that bath?" the overseer asked.

"I am taking it to No. 72, sir," said the waiter.

"But it is nearly five."

"He is still in bed, sir."

"But I thought," said the puzzled overseer, "that I saw you carrying a very large fresh water bath to No. 72 a couple of hours ago."

"So you did, sir," said the waiter. "He drank that."

CONSCIENTIOUS BILL

"**B**ILL had charge of the animal tent," said the old circus man, "and among his pets was a leopard. It was certainly an ugly brute.

"Well, one day, when we were showing in the Midlands, I had come up to London. I was eating my dinner in the hotel when a telegram was handed to me. It was from Bill, and said: 'The leopard has escaped. Prowling about town. What shall I do?'

"That was just like Bill. He had to have explicit

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directions, even in an emergency. He didn't want to make a mistake.

"I immediately wired back to Bill: 'Shoot him on the spot.' I didn't think any more about it until a couple of hours later, when I received another telegram from conscientious, careful Bill, asking, 'Which spot?'"

A FEW BULLS

IN a certain Western city the St. Patrick's Day parade was marshalled by a popular Irishman who was widely famed for both honesty and wit.

On one occasion it was stated at the preliminary meeting before the parade, that a prominent Hibernian had signified his intention of joining in the pageant.

Thereupon the marshal assumed the floor.

"Gintelmen," he said, "I want to offer a raysolution. I move that if th' Honorable Jim McGlinchey walks wid us in the procission he should ride a horse!"

Two Irishmen met once, and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die," said one.

"And why would he die?" asked the other.

"Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm

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thin — but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together.”

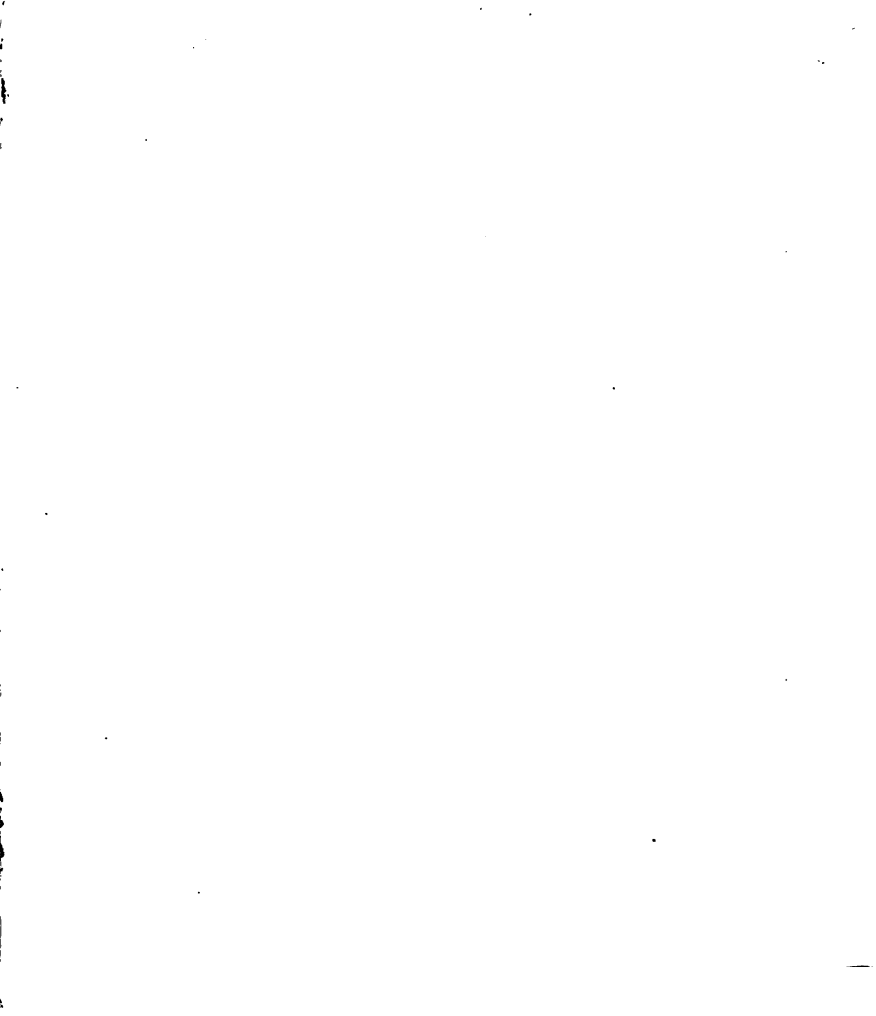
Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning, one of them inquired of the other:

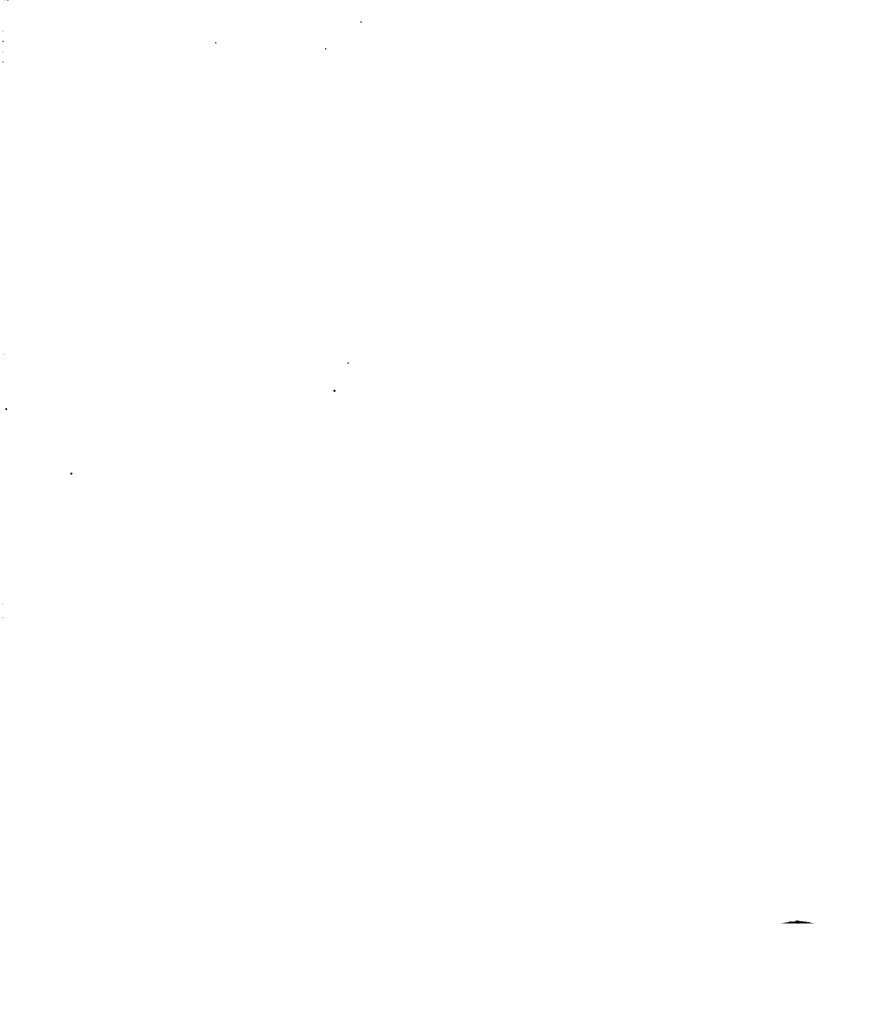
“Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?”

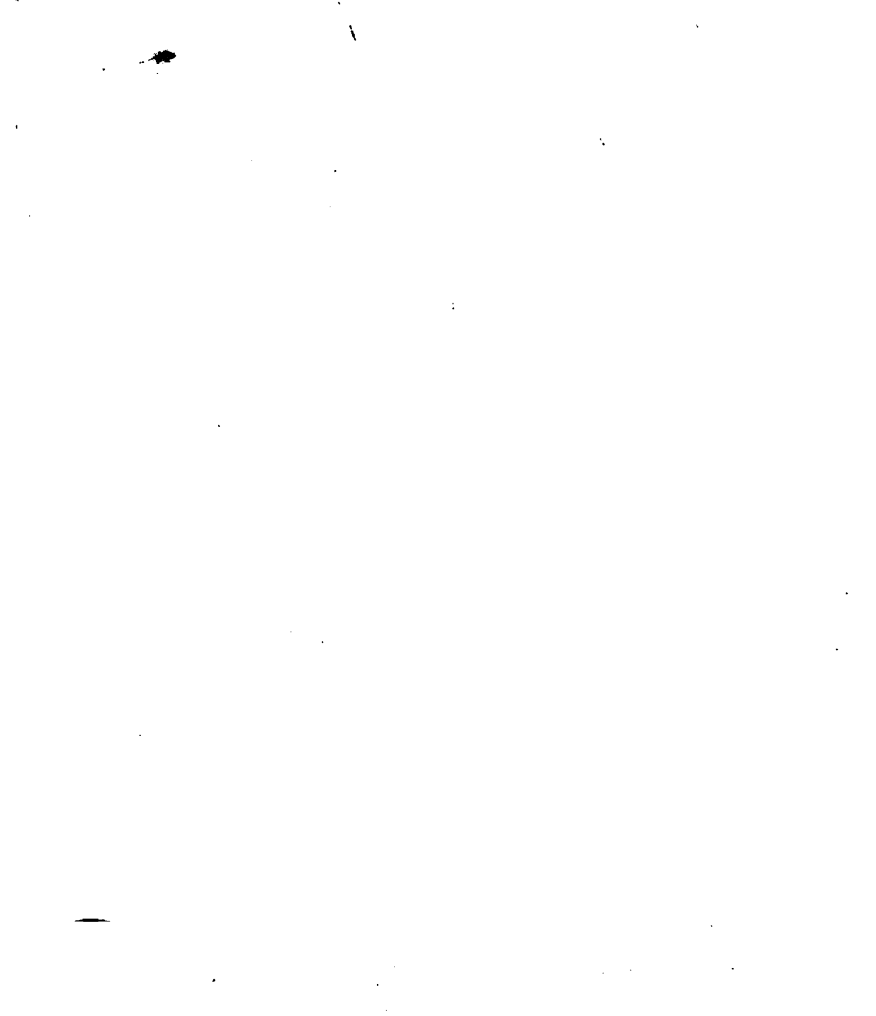
“No, Pat; did it raly thunder?”

“Yes, it thundered as if hivin and airth would come together.”

“Why in the divil, then, didn’t ye wake me, for ye know I can’t slape whin it thunders.”







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FLEX BINDING

